Loe here this long vſurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leſter Towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdrawe vs.
Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Water Lord Ferris, ſir. Robert Brokenbury, & ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the ſacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindly ſhed the brothers bloud,
The father raſhly ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, bene butcher to the ſire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-faſte peace,
With ſmiling plentie, and faire proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudie dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taſte this lands encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liués againe,
That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſay *Amen.*

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34